	**Price's Who's Who?, Part 2** **"F" Surnames**

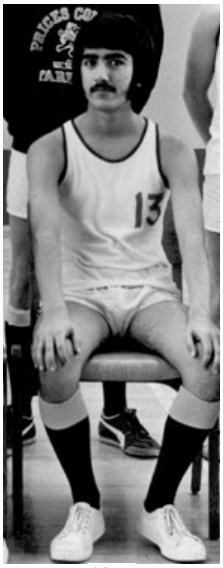
Farley	Ian		
Fekri	Nader		
Fielder	William Percival		1909 - 1913
Float	Thomas		1939 -
Foster	Ernie Eric		
Foster	Tim (Thomas)		
Foulkes	Richard		1936 -
Fox	Leo		1966 - 1973
Frost	T.		1908 -
Fuge	Richard		
Fuller	Graham		1956 -1961

Farley	Ian T.	Dates	

Junior Victor Ludorum 1956.
Senior Victor Ludorum 1959.
In U16 swimming team, 1956.
1959 Badminton team.
1st Xi Hockey Captain 1959
1st XI Cricket Captain 1959.
Sportsman of the 50s Decade (shortlist)



Fekri	Nader	Dates	


1977

As for Buenos Aires, it's such a massive culture shock after the hectic vibrancy of Mumbai. We've been here for just shy of three months, as my wife took up the post of Director for the Americas (yup, both North and South and the bits in between) for the British Council. It's a very European-feeling city, little pre-C20 stuff around, wide boulevards and avenues, reminds me of a cross between Madrid and post-Haussmann Paris.

We're in a little area called Martinez, about half-an-hour from the city centre, very suburban, but quite close to both my youngest's school and the university I was going to be teaching at before this whole COVID thing kicked in. Talking of which the govt. here acted relatively quickly so thankfully just over 100 deaths and 2,500 cases or so. I'm concerned about my eldest boy in London and my middle son in Hebden Bridge and of course my elderly folks but hey ho, there's little to be done from 7,500 miles away.

On to cheerier things, yes the El Ateneo bookshop is (was) open and is as magnificent as the photos make it out to be. Though the English language section is embarrassingly small, think of a particularly crap Sue Ryder shop in a rather depressed former South Yorkshire pit village.

Dr. Nader FEKRI, Visiting Professor of Politics, Buenos Aires, ARGENTINA



Left, above, after a tiring 12-hour Basketball match to raise £200, 20 Form 2b boys from Price's School will donate their money to Splash, Fareham's swimming pool fund.



Above, another marathon fund-raiser on behalf of the Red Cross

"Dear Dave,

Once again apologies for the delay in getting back to you.

Of course, you're right in assuming that one of my 10 O' Levels was in Persian, and to my shame. I only got a B, for which I was mercilessly teased by both my peers and staff. "A" grades in other subjects in no made up for my "shameful" performance in my mother tongue.

As for my name, it's Iranian. Is your name Scottish? I had a lecturer at Uni called Goldring who was from Fife. Or the Kingdom of Fife as he forever reminded us.

So to answer some of your questions.



I was born in Iran and as a family we moved to the UK because of my dad's work. We'd been living in Fareham for about 18 months when it was decided that I should start Big School. As we lived in the town centre (Crescent Road to be precise) Price's seemed the natural choice, it was after all the closest.

So one fair September morn (very Laurie Lee), my father and I turned up (without an appointment!) at the school and met with Mr Hilton (then Deputy Head) who listened patiently and rather than telling us to sling our hook with no further ado, rather charmingly, had a semiformal interview with me. More of a chat really. Then he sat me down and a gave me a maths test, and called Tony Johnson over who talked further about my reading habits. Thankfully, I was (and still am) a voracious reader and blathered on. I must've done okay, because I was invited to join the school and the rest, as they say, is history.

I had a fantastic seven years at Price's, first at "The School" and then staying on at what had (in 1974) become "The College" to do my A' Levels before heading up North to university and life as an adult.

As I said earlier, overall I was very happy, I made some good friends (a handful of whom I'm still in touch with, some half-a-century later), I was inspired by some amazing teachers. Teachers like Alan Glynn-Howell, the aforementioned Tony Johnson (whose productions ranged from The Thwarting of Baron Bolligrew to RC Sheriff's The Journey's End), "Chas" Tuck (with his Yorkshire bluster and bravado and his vicious sidekick "Sebastian" the slipper), Roy "Jock" Daysh (Maths), "Doc" Elliott

(Geography), “Freda” Payne (PE), “Sooty” Cole, “Buzz” Ellis (RE), “Taffy” Jones, “Paddy” O’Neil, “Monsieur” Openshaw (French), and many many others. As you can see, we were NOT very inventive with our nicknames. :)

You may notice, the shameful dearth of women in that list. In fact, in all my time at Price’s there were only four women I was in contact with... Mrs Head (French, 3rd yr), Ms Olding (Maths, VIth form), Mrs Agar (who really ran the school despite what Mr Poyner thought), and the wonderful Mrs Bowles, dinner-lady. :)

The lack of women and girls (until VIth form) was one of the downsides of life at Price’s, the other being the lack of diversity.

I was conscious of being the only person of colour throughout my time at the School (*pace* Mr Glynn-Howell, and a lad called Alan Loo who was Anglo-Chinese and in the Upper VIth in my first year, I think a lad of Pakistani heritage joined in the mid-70s but he left shortly thereafter). Although, much of the time, this was limited to good-natured ribbing (borne out of ignorance) there were times when racism raised its ugly head, particularly with the arrival of the poor benighted Ugandan Asians and the era of “Paki-bashing”, and more sinisterly the rise of the despicable National Front in the early- mid-1970s. I was unfortunate enough to have a rather vile classmate who was a vocal supporter (no names, no pack drill).

I had always been interested in politics and again Price’s had a small role to play in that. In my first term, I was put in detention for some minor infraction or other (running in the corridor, or not having my shirt tucked in, or having my tie too loose) and had to write an “essay” on why our then MP (Reggie Bennet) was a “useless pranny”. Sure enough, this piqued my interest so that after detention, I actually went down to the town library, (which was then situated at the Flying Angel, one of my favourite haunts until the New Library opened in the summer of 1973) firstly to look up “pranny” and secondly to find out who our MP actually was and why he deserved to be called such. Having had a General Election earlier in the year, I became involved to such an extent that I volunteered for delivering leaflets in both the February and October Elections of 1974 for the Liberals. In the latter election, with the backing of several teachers, I wanted to carry out a poll at the school, but this was firmly quashed by Mr Poyner.

However, the numerous rules and regulations did grate, and I found myself often at odds with “the authorities”. I remember on one occasion being sent out of class to deliver a note to the office. As I knocked, the door itself seemed to be wrenched open and who should be standing there but good old Mr Poyner who asked whether I thought I was knocking to gain ingress into a French bordello. When I asked what a French bordello was (and why Mr Poyner would know what their special knock was) I was told to come back at lunchtime and take six of the best for “insolence”.

What Price’s did encourage was to experiment, to try your hand at anything and everything, and sooner or later you’d find your own niche and métier, and if not something to excel at then certainly something to be comfortable in. It taught me was the value of trying everything, of throwing yourself in at the deep end, (sometimes literally as in the case of the swimming pool which was often freezing), but this in turn gave me the confidence to try everything at least once, and so I became a good all-rounder. Hence the 10 O’ Levels.

So I played football, wasn’t good enough to make the teams, but never mind. (Hockey was just too brutal). I played cricket, enjoyed keeping wicket, because you could just throw yourself around and be theatrical without causing too much damage. I took part in the athletics (the javelin) again not

particularly great. I was involved in the chess club (2nd team), the stamp club, later the debate club, and many others.

The reason we started the basketball team, was that one drear autumn lunch when we couldn't play out on the fields, myself and some of the other lads wanted to use the gym but were told that only teams could use it. So we went away and decided we wanted a basketball team, and lo and behold the following week we had trials and from then on we had a team, something that stayed with me all my time at Price's, and which we used to raise money for good causes (The Red Cross) on several occasions by doing marathon matches.

Sixth Form was liberating in so many ways, the old hierarchies were being replaced (or so it seemed, I had once been given detention for writing an essay arguing for "comprehensivisation"!), a more co-operative collaborative attitude to learning was being embraced. Questioning was actively encouraged rather than frowned upon. There were girls/young women around, which was far more healthy in correcting a rather warped attitude to the female sex that a boys' school can shape.

By 1977, I knew that I had had enough of dear old Fareham and wanted to get away as far as I could. Being a huge fan of Coronation Street, the Co-Operative Movement, the Suffragettes, and of course the Guardian, I decided to head up to Cottonopolis and go to uni in Salford, staying on to study further at both the Poly and Uni in Manchester. In total, I spent a quarter of a century there in the Red Rose County.
I ended up teaching at the Poly, the Uni, and later Liverpool Poly and Uni.

In the early 1990s, after the fall of the Berlin Wall I lectured in Poland, Slovakia, and the Czech Republic as an academic for the British Council.

Upon my return to the UK in the 2000s, we settled in Hebden Bridge and I taught at Huddersfield and Bradford Universities. I was approached to stand for the Lib Dems for the town council, being told that there was no chance of being elected, they just wanted to have the names on the ballot papers and as our house was right in the town centre, it was a good poster site). Needless to say, I was elected (by the skin of my teeth), the following year I was comfortably elected onto the local council (Calderdale), and the year after I was selected to stand for parliament for the neighbouring constituency of Keighley. Over my time in Hebden Bridge, I was elected Mayor of Hebden Royd, Deputy Mayor of Calderdale, and finally Mayor of Calderdale. The first-ever Iranian-born civic head of any authority in the UK, an achievement of which I was (and am) incredibly proud.

To that end I have served as a magistrate, a school governor, and on the boards of several educational charities. I am a passionate believer in education and access to good quality education for all irrespective of the ability to pay and so access to higher education. I shall forever be grateful to the good people of Hampshire for giving me grant to study at university. A grant mind you, not a loan. No strings attached, nothing asked for in return. Mine was the first generation to be eligible for a four-figure sum of £1,010, of which (my family not being terribly well-off) I got the whole sum. And three second-class return train tickets from Fareham to Manchester and back, a year. That kind of investment builds a compact between the state and the individual. It says we believe in you, here's a leg up, off you go. What you do with it is your affair. That meant (means) a lot so in return you put something back in your community or society at large, not because it is expected, or you're paying off a debt, but because it is the right thing, the decent thing to do.

Anyway, enough of the twaddle, just to finish off, after a decade in Hebden, we got itchy feet again, and my wife was posted to Istanbul, and then Mumbai, and now Buenos Aires where she is Director

for the whole of the Americas (North and South, pole to pole) for the British Council. I have been lucky to find employment as a Visiting Professor in Politics in those three cities.

I bet this is much more than you were expecting and I hope that you don't regret asking, should you wish for anything more please do not hesitate to get in touch again.

I hope to come back to Fareham for the tercentenary celebrations next year, and hope to meet up then?

Dr. Nader FEKRI
Visiting Professor of Politics
Buenos Aires
ARGENTINA

"I have very fond memories of both Alan Glynne-Howell and the Revd. Reg Harcus. The former for his erudition and dry sense of humour, and the latter for his kindness and trying to teach me Russian during lunch times!

I also remember being invited for tea at Alan's house whilst in the VIth form at the time of the Labour leadership election in the spring of 1976, and he (and Tessa) being surprised when I said that not only did I think Michael Foot would win, but that I wanted him to win rather than Jenkins or even the eventual winner Callaghan. Both shaking their head in exasperated mild disappointment.

As for the latter, he wrote me a lovely reference when I applied to become a kibbutznik before going off to Uni, with which I didn't go ahead.

As for being excused RE, it was because I was an atheist, but Eric Poyner refused to believe such a thing, so my dad had to come in and say that we were Zoroastrians. So Rudi and I were excused not only the non-secular bits of assembly but also RE, though required to sit at the back of lessons, we employed the time usefully playing hangman, battleships, boxes, and categories, etc. So time well spent. To this day, I am a wiz at most pen and paper games, easily beating many, if not most seven-year-olds.

All the best, Nader

Lion magazine article December 1975

Tehran (City of Madness)

If anyone wanted to choose a modern setting for Dante's "inferno", they could do no better than to come to Tehran. And witness a midday traffic jam in the summer heat: long lines of clogged cars with frustrated drivers jostling to escape from the fumes, dust and 45 degree heat, but held-up by broken down cars with overheated engines, minor collisions and careless pedestrians. The city is polluted, congested, and growth has outstripped resources and now, a vast, ugly urban sprawl is gobbling-up all available wasteland.

But, with all this, Tehran is a curious mixture of the Orient and the Occident, Its old streets are fascinating to both natives and foreigners. There you can still see women veiled and wearing "Chadors" (a garment covering the whole body and the head), walking side-by-side with girls

wearing jeans, and backless tops. The most oriental part of Tehran is the Bazaar in the centre of the city. The main road, which passes through the Bazaar, is lined on either side by shops and stalls of every kind. Whether it is clothes, shoes, food, vegetables or drugs that you want, you can be sure to find a shop in the Bazaar where you can find them. During the rush hour, buyers, on-lookers, beggars and cats help to make a great din and which, mixed with Tehran's special odour create a uniquely Iranian atmosphere.

Tehran, far from being a city of harmony, is a city of contrasts. This is well reflected in the architecture, The southern sector of the city, which is the older part, has house which were built of mud and stones, but these are now virtually wiped out. In their places, new brick and stone houses are rising up. In the northern sector, however, there are apartments, multi-story buildings and skyscrapers reaching upwards to blot out the sun. The Colestan Palace, which used to be one of the Imperial residences is now a museum of carpets, antiques, paintings, tapestries and books It is an eighteenth century building which well-complements the Shahyad monument which is now the "Eiffel Tower" of Tehran. It was built 4 years ago, as the 2500th anniversary of Iran.

Foreign investment in Iran is increasing: there are now 200 foreign banks in Tehran, and two hundred and fifty waiting to be set up. Factories are going up everywhere. , mainly around Tehran and the oilfields down south. On the whole, the petrochemical industry is booming. There are atomic power stations being built by the West Germans and the French. Iran make sits own cars, lorries and buses. There are now also Iranian televisions, radios, heaters and fridges, which have been exported to Africa, Asia, Latin America and Eastern Europe.

Ian has come a long way from "Persia", patronised by the West as the "Land of Carpets and Caviar"

Nader **Fekri**

Mayor stages sit-in bank protest over credit card

A mayor staged a three-hour sit-in protest in NatWest after 'ludicrous' bank staff refused to return his credit card when it was eaten by an ATM.

Councillor Nader Fekri said: 'I pointed out that I had a passport and a card saying I am the Mayor of Calderdale and they gave me a helpline number. I rang it and was told it was at the discretion of the bank.'

Coun. Nader Fekri, the Mayor of Calderdale in West Yorkshire, held his one-man protest inside the NatWest Bank branch in Hebden Bridge, West Yorks, after his card became jammed in an ATM machine.



Photo: Bruce Fitzgerald 17 May 2012

The stubborn dignitary told how he was asked to call a helpline if he wasn't happy but instead he refused to leave the bank for three hours, even after the branch had been closed, the doors were shut, and the police were called.

After the tense stand off, his card was finally returned amicably without him being arrested and he withdrew the cash he needed to travel to Germany for an event in Aachen, the twin town of Calderdale's main hub, Halifax, adding: "The Hebden Bridge one has been freed."

Coun Fekri, who is also a university lecturer and magistrate, had been trying to withdraw money from the cashpoint outside the branch using his First Direct card, at around 3pm on Tuesday afternoon.

He said: "Unfortunately a slip of paper went in with my card and jammed the machine.

"I went inside the bank and staff opened the machine. They were very helpful until I asked for my card back."

Staff told him it was policy to retain the card and for him to ring a helpline if that wasn't acceptable.

Coun. Fekri said: "I pointed out that I had a passport and a card saying I am the Mayor of Calderdale and they gave me a helpline number. I rang it and was told it was at the discretion of the bank."

But staff said there was no branch manager on the premises and refused to budge and while they sent an email to managers they left the mayor waiting.

Clllr. Fekri said: "They emailed somebody and by this time it was getting on for the branch closing. They asked me to leave and I refused as I was told different tales and the branch could have used discretion. I had ID, I was off to Aachen at 4am to represent Calderdale and the bank was holding my card hostage. They said they would call the police and I said I would rather they didn't."

The bank staff continued working behind the counter leaving the mayor in the foyer with the branch door locked. Eventually, at around 6pm after the police had arrived Coun Fekri had his card returned after providing his signature and passport. He visited another bank to withdraw the money he needed for his trip.

He said the staff at the bank overreacted to the situation, adding: "They actually asked the police to make sure the staff got to their cars safely, but were told the police were not a private bodyguard service.

"I was firm but not stroppy or rude. It was the bank that escalated the situation.

"It was ludicrous."

A Natwest Bank spokesman said it was normal to hold onto retained cards belonging to other banks.

Councillor Fekri, who was born in Iraq but moved to Britain in 1968, when he was eight, has been a member of Calderdale Council since 2004 and was chair of the Lib Dem group 2010-2011.

See WP Anniversary 4 Chapter: for Nader's *in absentia* address to the assembled O.P.s: "Looking back is good, but looking forward is even better"

See also: Lion Pride Chapter on Minor Sports – Basketball.

Fielder	William Percival	Dates	1909 - 1913

A contribution from **Mrs. Ann Shaw**:



William Percival Fielder

My father, William Percival Fielder, known as 'Percy', was born in Fareham (High Street) on 28th November 1897. He was the sixth child of his parents' eight children.

In 1908 his parents were delighted when he won a scholarship to Price's School, one of the first to be awarded to poor boys. He was very proud to be a member of the school and worked hard, aiming to be the top of his class but was always beaten by a boy called Jack Frost! ***I still possess one of his prizes*** *- a book of Scott's Poetical Works. It is labelled 'Price's School 1721-1908' with a lion badge and was awarded to my father on July 24th 1912. He could recite many of these long poems.* ***I also have his school tie,*** *rather dilapidated. My father often sang the school song '' Forty Years On'' which, I believe, was taken from Harrow School.*

Very reluctantly my father had to leave school in 1913 when his scholarship money expired. He always complained that he did not get as far as calculus in maths and tried to pick it up when he followed my maths homework 'forty years on'! Because of his interest in science he obtained a job with an electricity company which was then in its infancy and spent a year learning the basics of electricity.

On the day after his 17th birthday in November 1914 he joined the army, claiming to be 19 years old and fearing that the war would be over by Christmas. He spent the next four years in Northern France in the engineering branch of the army, using his knowledge of electricity for trench communication. Here his years at Price's School benefitted him as ***he had become fluent in French at school*** *and was able to act as linguistic 'go between' for his fellow soldiers and local French girls.*
An interesting detail of (William's) Dad's day when he joined up:-
*"He was in the queue at the recruiting office when the day ended and the doors were about to be closed to the disappointment of waiting men. Then an official called out, "*Can anyone ride a horse?*''. Up went several hands, including my father's, from men who had never sat on a horse. They were all signed up and taken to France where it was discovered that they could not ride. Dad and the others were taught to ride along the long straight avenues in the forests of Fontainebleau. Later my father's knowledge of electricity had him transferred to more useful work."*
Ann

After the war he married my mother Florence Jane Wood, dob 07/05/1893, who was a trained military nurse in the Queen Alexandra Corps, tending wounded soldiers.

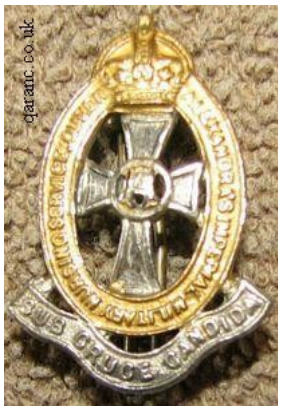


Florence Jane Wood married William Percival Fielder after the War

Queen Alexandra's Imperial Military Nursing Service QAIMNS Nurses



Cap Badge used with a medal ribbon, as a service medal.



Collar badge



They had three children who were all active in WW2. I was born a decade after my siblings - a great shock - followed by a younger sister. My father often talked about **his life at Price's School; it was obviously a huge influence and a great source of pride.**

WW1 QUIAMS typical scenes ↑↓

Very unusually, William Percival Fielder's "Soldiers' Small Book" has survived, in the possession of his daughter Ann and confirms my early impression of his enlistment into the Royal Engineers as Sapper (Private Soldier in the R.E.) 312393. Ann did not recall what his Regiment was – it might have been the Hampshires or maybe, possibly the Engineers.





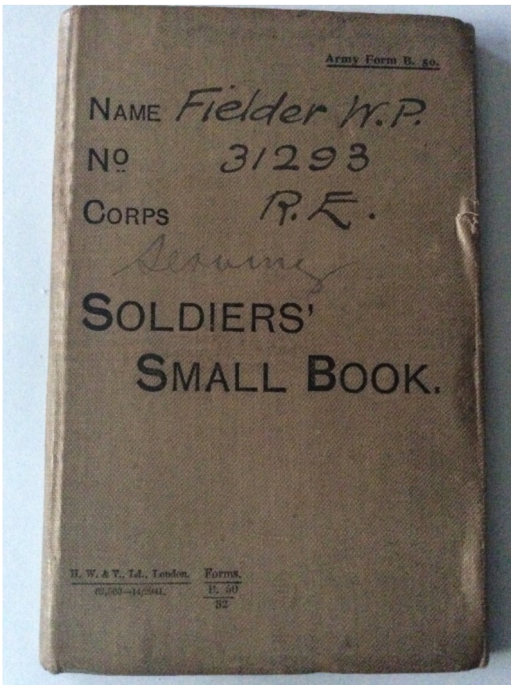
An image crop of the badge on his cap (left) gave little clear information, save for what seemed to be a solid centre and something projecting from the top of the circular badge. The Hampshire's badge(right) does not fit the bill and so it was to my initial impression I turned for a comparison with the Engineers' badge (below),





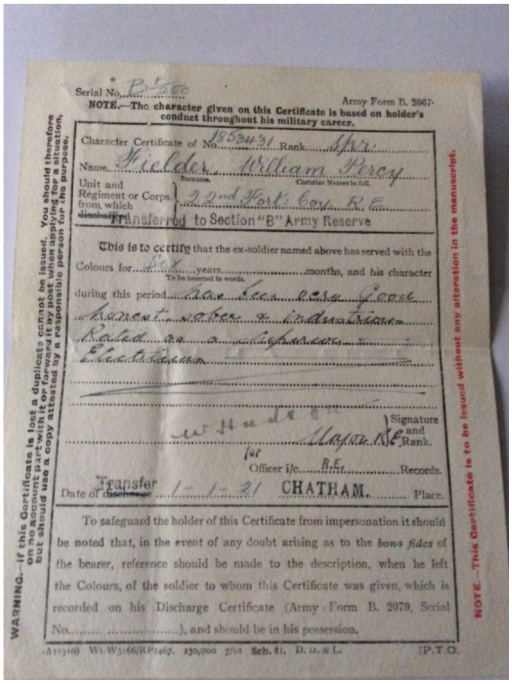
And this seemed to be a perfect fit!

A receipt of a later email from Ann with the details of William's "Soldiers' Small Book" reveals the confirmation of him as Sapper 31293, Royal Engineers (R.E.).
His discharge to Reserve listing describes William:
"… has been very good, honest, sober and industrious, rated as a Superior electrician."
Major W.Hudson, R.E.


Army Form B. 50.

NAME Fielder W.P.
No 31293
CORPS R.E.
Sapper
SOLDIERS'
SMALL BOOK.

H. W. & T., Ltd., London. Forms.
B. 50
32


Serial No. B 580 Army Form B. 2067.
NOTE.—The character given on this Certificate is based on holder's conduct throughout his military career.

Character Certificate of No. 185341 Rank Spr.
Name Fielder William Percy
Surname. Christian Names in full.
Unit and Regiment or Corps from which discharged 22nd Fort Coy. R.E.
Transferred to Section "B" Army Reserve

This is to certify that the ex-soldier named above has served with the Colours for 2 years To be inserted in words. months, and his character during this period Good Very good Good
Honest sober & industrious
Rated as a Superior
Electrician

Signature and Rank. Major R.E.
for Officer i/c R.E. Records.
Date of Transfer 1-1-21 CHATHAM. Place.

To safeguard the holder of this Certificate from impersonation it should be noted that, in the event of any doubt arising as to the *bona fides* of the bearer, reference should be made to the description, when he left the Colours, of the soldier to whom this Certificate was given, which is recorded on his Discharge Certificate (Army Form B. 2079, Serial No.), and should be in his possession.

WARNING.—If this Certificate is lost, duplicates cannot be issued. You should therefore keep it in a safe place. Forwarding it by post when applying for a pension, but should use a copy attested by a responsible person for the purpose.

NOTE.—This Certificate is to be issued without any alteration in the manuscript.

A113(9) Wt.W3166/P1467. 150,000 3/18 Sch. 41. D. D. & L. [P.T.O.

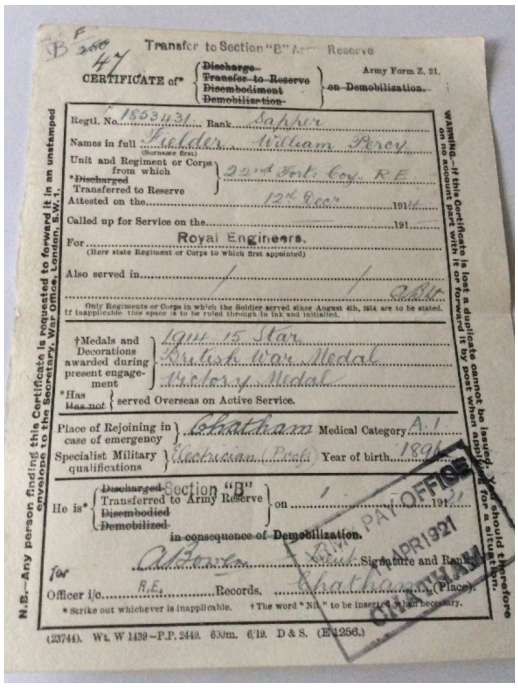
Character Reference:

William's Medal Ribbons:



1915/15 Star, British War Medal, Victory Medal

A.k.a. "Pip, Squeak & Wilfred"! (The originals remain within his family)



Transfer to Section "B" Army Reserve

CERTIFICATE of ~~Discharge~~ / ~~Transfer to Reserve~~ / ~~Disembodiment~~ / ~~Demobilization~~ Army Form Z. 21. ~~on Demobilization.~~

Regtl. No. 1853431 Rank Sapper

Names in full Fielder William Percy (Surname first)

Unit and Regiment or Corps from which ~~Discharged~~ / Transferred to Reserve 22nd Fort. Coy. R.E.

Attested on the 12th Dec'r 191[illegible]

Called up for Service on the ..... 191.....

For Royal Engineers. (Here state Regiment or Corps to which first appointed)

Also served in ..... / ..... / 22nd Fort. Coy. R.E.

Only Regiments or Corps in which the Soldier served since August 4th, 1914 are to be stated. If inapplicable this space is to be ruled through in ink and initialled.

†Medals and Decorations awarded during present engagement: 1914-15 Star. British War Medal. Victory Medal.

*Has / ~~Has not~~ served Overseas on Active Service.

Place of Rejoining in case of emergency Chatham Medical Category A.1

Specialist Military qualifications Electrician (Prob.) Year of birth 1896

He is* ~~Discharged~~ / Transferred to Army Reserve / ~~Disembodied~~ / ~~Demobilized~~ Section "B" on 1 ..... 191.....

in consequence of ~~Demobilization~~.

for Officer i/c ..... R.E. ..... Records. ..... Signature and Rank. ..... (Place).

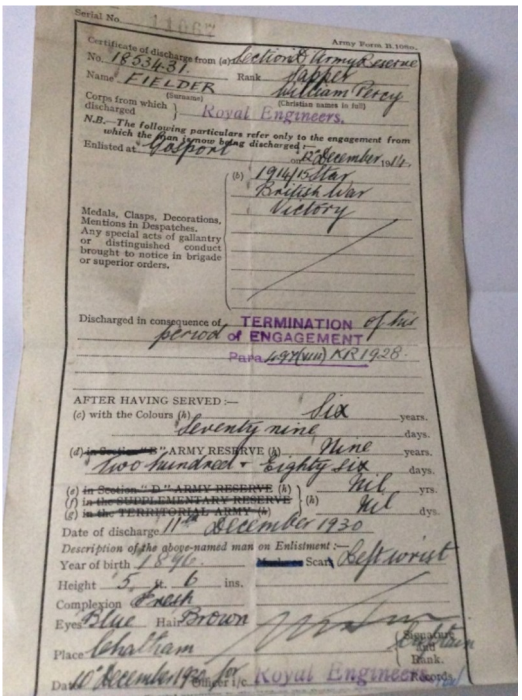
* Strike out whichever is inapplicable. † The word "Nil" to be inserted if necessary.

N.B.—Any person finding this Certificate is requested to forward it in an unstamped envelope to the Secretary, War Office, London, S.W. 1.

WARNING.—If this Certificate is lost a duplicate cannot be issued. It should therefore on no account part with it or forward it by post when applying for a situation.

(23744). Wt. W 1439—P.P. 2449. 630m. 6/19. D & S. (E 1256.)

Certificate of Transfer to the Reserve,
With Medal entitlement.



Serial No. 1166

Certificate of discharge from (a) Section "B" Army Reserve

No. 1853431 Rank Sapper

Name FIELDER William Percy (Surname) (Christian names in full)

Corps from which discharged Royal Engineers.

N.B.—The following particulars refer only to the engagement from which the man is now being discharged.

Enlisted at Gosport on 5th December 1914

Medals, Clasps, Decorations, Mentions in Despatches. Any special acts of gallantry or distinguished conduct brought to notice in brigade or superior orders. (b) 1914/15 Star. British War Victory

Discharged in consequence of TERMINATION of his period of ENGAGEMENT Para 392(xvii) KR 1928

AFTER HAVING SERVED:—

(c) with the Colours (b) Six years, Seventy nine days

(d) ~~in Section "B"~~ ARMY RESERVE (b) Nine years, Two hundred + Eighty six days

(e) ~~in Section "B" ARMY RESERVE~~ (b) Nil yrs.

(f) ~~in the SUPPLEMENTARY RESERVE~~ (b) Nil dys.

(g) ~~in the TERRITORIAL ARMY~~ (b)

Date of discharge 11th December 1930

Description of the above-named man on Enlistment:—

Year of birth 1896 Marks on Face Scar Left wrist

Height 5 ft. 6 ins.

Complexion Fresh

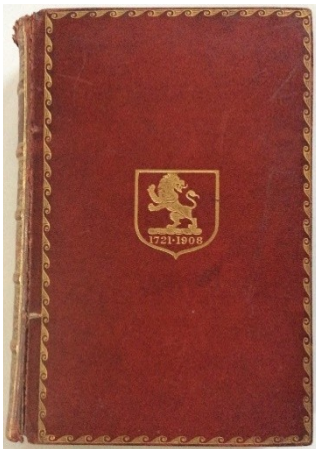
Eyes Blue Hair Brown

Place Chatham (Signature and Rank.)

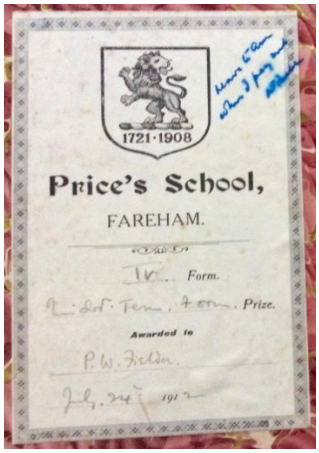
Date 11th December 1930 Officer i/c Royal Engineers Records

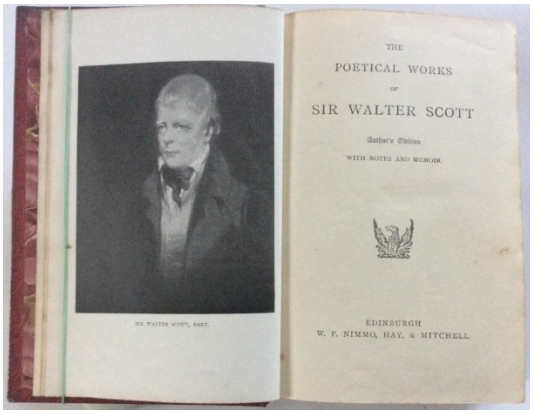
Service with the Colours: 6 years, 79 days
Service with the Reserve: 9 years, 286 days
Termination of Engagement.

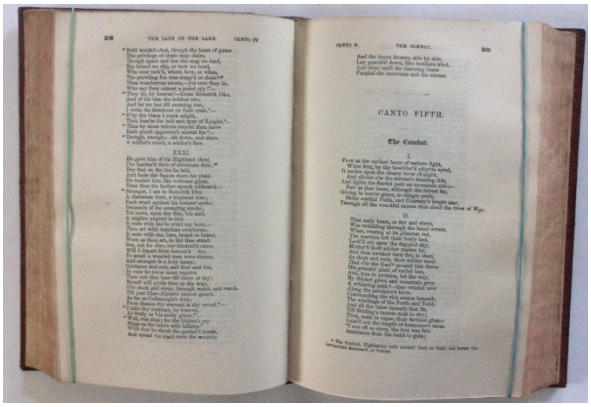
"Here are a few photos of Dad's book. It is a pity that he spoilt the front label. It brought a tear to my eye when I read 'Leave to Ann when I peg out'. I was still at primary school when he wrote that. He was reading it to me at the dining table after lunch, as he often did; it brought back to me all those companionable quiet times we had together, as well as the outdoor hill walks and adventure holidays. He was a bit wild and great fun as well as being very supportive and loving. He was so proud of being a pupil at Price's School"











Images and words c/o Mrs Ann Shaw, daughter of William Percy Fielder
Foundation Scholar 1909 - 1913

Float	Thomas	Dates	1939-



Thomas joined the School in 1939.
Born in 1927, at 60, High Street, Bishops Waltham

After school Tom worked at Air Force Training Folland Aircraft Co., Chloride Ltd., NVT (Norton Villiers Triumph) and was thereafter self-employed in light engineering, working until a few weeks before his death.

Variously consultant to the film industry, Hovercraft industry and motor companies among others, taking on light engineering contracts and developing prototype components for yachts, light aircraft and similar.

Foster	Ernie Eric	Dates	



In Memory of

ERNIE ERIC FOSTER

Serjeant
26924
15th Bn., Hampshire Regiment
who died on
Thursday, 7th June
1917. Age 22.



Menin Gate, Ypres

Son of Mrs. Mary Ann Foster, of 18, Aylesbury Rd., Copnor, Portsmouth.

Commemorative Information

Memorial:	YPRES (MENIN GATE) MEMORIAL, Ieper, West-Vlaanderen, Belgium
Grave Reference/ Panel Number:	Panel 35
Location:	Ypres (now Ieper) is a town in the Province of West Flanders. The Memorial is situated at the eastern side of the town on the road to Menin (Menen) and Courtrai (Kortrijk). It is the site of the daily sounding of The Last Post, by members of the Ypres Fire Brigade

The Third Battle of Ypres, more commonly known as the Battle of Passchendaele (after the Flemish village which was the final objective captured by British and Empire troops), was a major Allied campaign in Flanders during the First World War. Its strategic aim was to break through German defences and capture German naval bases on the Belgian coast from where U-Boats were launching attacks on British Royal Navy and merchant ships. The campaign failed to achieve this objective, but did inflict heavy casualties on the German Army.

Third Ypres was preceded by the Battle of Messines (7-14 June 1917) which opened with the British exploding 19 huge mines under German lines. The attack, in which 15th Hampshire took part, succeeded in capturing the strategically important high ground along the Messines ridge and paved the way for the much larger operation further north which began on 31 July. *Our Sjt. Ernie Foster was killed on the first day of this attack.*

We regret to report the death of E. Foster, Sergeant, Hants. Regiment. He was killed during an attack near St. Eloi. He was the first day-boy on the books of the School, and was here from 1908-1909.

Foster	Mr. Thomas, aka "Tim"	Dates	

Mr.T.W. Foster

Contrary to the universally held belief, the 'T' in T.W. Foster does not stand for Timothy, but Thomas. But it is as "Tim" that he has been known for generations of boys and Master at Price's School. Whether this phenomenon dates back to the time when Mr.Bradly appointed him in a temporary capacity back in 1934, I cannot tell, but it has certainly obtained all of the time I have known Mr. Foster.



He came to Price's to 'sub' for an absentee Master. A graduate of Pembroke College, Oxford, with an Honours Degree in Modern Languages, he accepted the offer of a permanent contract as a French teacher, the first of new Headmaster Gorge Ashton's appointees. Called-up for National Service, he was Commissioned into the Royal Artillery in 1940, and demobbed in 1945. Married to Miss Jean Hunt in 1944, they had a son. Tim / Tom became Head of "Main School" when the Sixth Form College was started and retired in September 1974.

For many years he was actively involved with Drama and Chaired the School's Dramatic Society. In a civilian capacity, he also ran the Signals section of the CCF.

What started as a temporary infill appointment, thus ended 42½years later.

I am sure all Priceans will wish Tim and his wife Jean, many years of happy and well-earned retirement.

E.A.B.P.

As Lt.,Cadet Officer 1939. Called-up for WW2 duty. Returns in 1947 as Lt. 1948 Lighting for pre-Christmas play "The Winslow Boy"

Foulkes	Richard	Dates	1936 -

Richard Foulkes, born 1926, one of the most senior Priceans

Richard Foulkes has been in touch. A contemporary of Roy Daysh and John Cole he writes:

I am an old Pricean - very old but not a Society member.

I entered the school as a scholarship boy in 1936, aged 10. I was a year younger than my classmates throughout, until my last year there. While in the fifth form my first School Certificate exam just failed to give me exemption from Matriculation which was required for progression to the sixth. My second School Cert was more successful and was regarded as worthy of a prize. This was a large dictionary emblazoned with the school badge. I was away at work when it was delivered to my home as by then I had left school. I have always harboured a disappointment because there was no dedication. It could have been anyone's.
I see that one of the Society's officers is its Archivist. Is it possible that there is some record of my achievement, perhaps in The Lion ?

I was a contemporary of Roy Daysh, later a staff member. He and I walked round the derelict buildings just before demolition..

I have a copy of Gulliver's Travels loaned to me by Mr Thacker but to my shame never returned. The flyleaf bears the signatures of probably all the staff. Included are the Body brothers and Browne, three New Zealanders trapped in UK at the start of the war.

Regards to all OBs. **Richard Foulkes.**

I searched in every file, drawer and cupboard over two days for my certificates. Eventually found only a foot away from where I had last seen them. They are dated 42 and 43.

I have to retract my confession of stealing the book Gulliver's Travels. Amongst the dark-inked signatures is a dedication in very small scrawl which is obviously the first entry on the page.
It says "From ?? Thacker with best wishes July 1939". So Mr Thacker was the giver not the recipient. The names would have been added after the start of war as included are Marjorie Harcourt and Miss Kinnear, the first female teachers at the school.

I admit to always having had a chip on my shoulder as I think that I should have been encouraged to carry on after my scholarship ended. Although of course finances would have been impossible and I should perhaps not have sufficient ambition. So I initially found a job as an apprentice draughtsman at an aircraft factory. At my last interview I said that I would join up when old enough and the offer was withdrawn. I did go to work in another factory as an accounts clerk.

At seventeen and a half I joined the Royal Armoured Corps. One had to be eighteen and half to go overseas and I was on a training course when VE came. Fortunately missed the fighting war. To Germany with 7 Royal Tank Regiment for about fifteen months then return to UK to reinforce to go to India. Roamed about the Punjab until we were kicked out on Independence August 1947. Landed back at Liverpool on my 21st.

Ordnance Survey was expanding and I joined in 1948. Out in the field for 20 years then unwillingly transferred to the office as a draughtsman. Last 4 years as a computer programmer, retiring early in 1983. Idle for 38 years next month. A rather undistinguished life, I'm afraid.

Richard Foulkes.

Fox	Leo	Dates	1966 - 1973



Sad to report that during my search for pupils from the 1970s that I discovered that Leo Fox (1966 -1973) passed away in 2018 at far too young an age.

Leo was part of the sailing crew, most of whom were based at the Warsash Sailing Club.

He represented the school with success on a number of occasions, often paired with by brother Gerry. Including the occasion when Leo, Gerry, Paul Mason and myself went on an unauthorised trip to the IOW where Leo and Gerry came first in their class. Leo was an intuitive helmsman with a feel for the boat and the elements.

As a member of the RAF section of the CCF it is no surprise that he also gained a Gliding Proficiency Certificate and was awarded a Flying Scholarship in 1972. Sailing and flying require similar sensory skills.

After leaving Price's he went to the Flying School at Hamble to train as a commercial pilot. But mid-course the School was closed down, in part due to the fuel crisis and in part due to the surfeit of trained pilots becoming available as the RAF was drawn down. How cruelly ambitions are stamped on.

He then made a successful career in financial services.

I sailed with him a few times and remember having riotous reaches screaming up and down Southampton Water in a Shearwater catamaran.

Grahame Pigney

The Class of '72 Price's School Fareham

Frost	T.	Dates	1908 -

He was one of the 18 boys who were first on roll at the opening of the new Price's School on 18th January 1908.

In the inaugural ceremony, T. Frost provided this account:

> *"On the Opening Day, the small group of boys stood in a rough line near the School entrance with their backs towards the paling which separated the gravel playground from the School field. I was towards the left of the line and had a good view of Mr. Bradly as he came out of the School House at the head of the procession. We had been given an Order Paper and as he passed me, I can remember that I looked at the paper and read underneath his name @Fish Exhibitioner of Queen's College, Cambridge. I looked up at him and wondered what this meant, for ….and of this, I am sure …. It never occurred to me that 'Fish' was the name of a man!"*
>
> *"We followed the procession into the School, past the cloak and locker room on the right and the first classroom on the left, and entered the second classroom which, with the first, formed the School Hall when the partition was drawn back. There was no platform and r Bradly stood near the far window at a teacher's. I sat in a desk quite near him. I think the proceedings started with a hymn "Oh God! Our help in ages past" I am sure that towards the end we sang "forty Years On", for I remember that we were told the boarders had been rehearsed before the ceremony"*
>
> *There then followed an address by the Revd. J.E. Tarbat, whose precise words T. Frost could not recall. He explained the origin of the School and gave the boys' good advice'. I expect it was all eyes on Mr Bradly. He read, and I think we read with him a passage from Ecclesiasticus beginning: "Let us now praise famous men".*
>
> *T. Frost continues in 1968:I think very few of my sixty years passed without my recalling his rather shrill voice giving this small group of young boys his first message – "Quit you like men, Be strong" Looking back, I think he would have liked these words to be the School motto: I feel sure it was the basis of his philosophy as a Headmaster. It was because of this, perhaps that I have no recollection of being aware of <u>the restricted teaching facilities</u> of the School in those days."*

(DG – ↑↑ An authentic voice from the past! …. and, having been a teacher myself, since 1966, thus overlapping Frost's thoughts, I can speak of the huge, almost unbelievable changes there have been in education since the 1970s. By contrast, the capital grant to equip the Science block in the new School I worked in, amounts, in present (2019) terms to £324, 000 – some of which, we had difficulty in spending!)

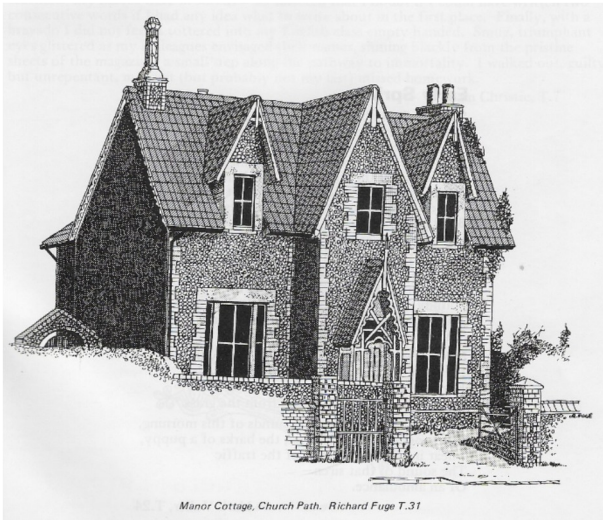
In a way, seemingly way before its time, Frost left his views on various teachers: he felt privileged at being taught Mathematics by one of the authors of a book "A School Algebra" by Langley & Bradly, and by Revd. Johnstone teaching scripture and trying to master a stammer by tossing up a small coin and walking across the classroom at the same time, and by Miss Bourchier trying to cope with unruly senior boys.

"In woodwork lessons, Mr Palmer was an excellent craftsman and a strict disciplinarian. Nails, screws and glue were prohibited. A joint had, as it were, to stand on its own 2 feet and he had a cruel way of expertly tapping it so that what you thought was nearly good became nearly bad"

He later became a Director of Education in Barking

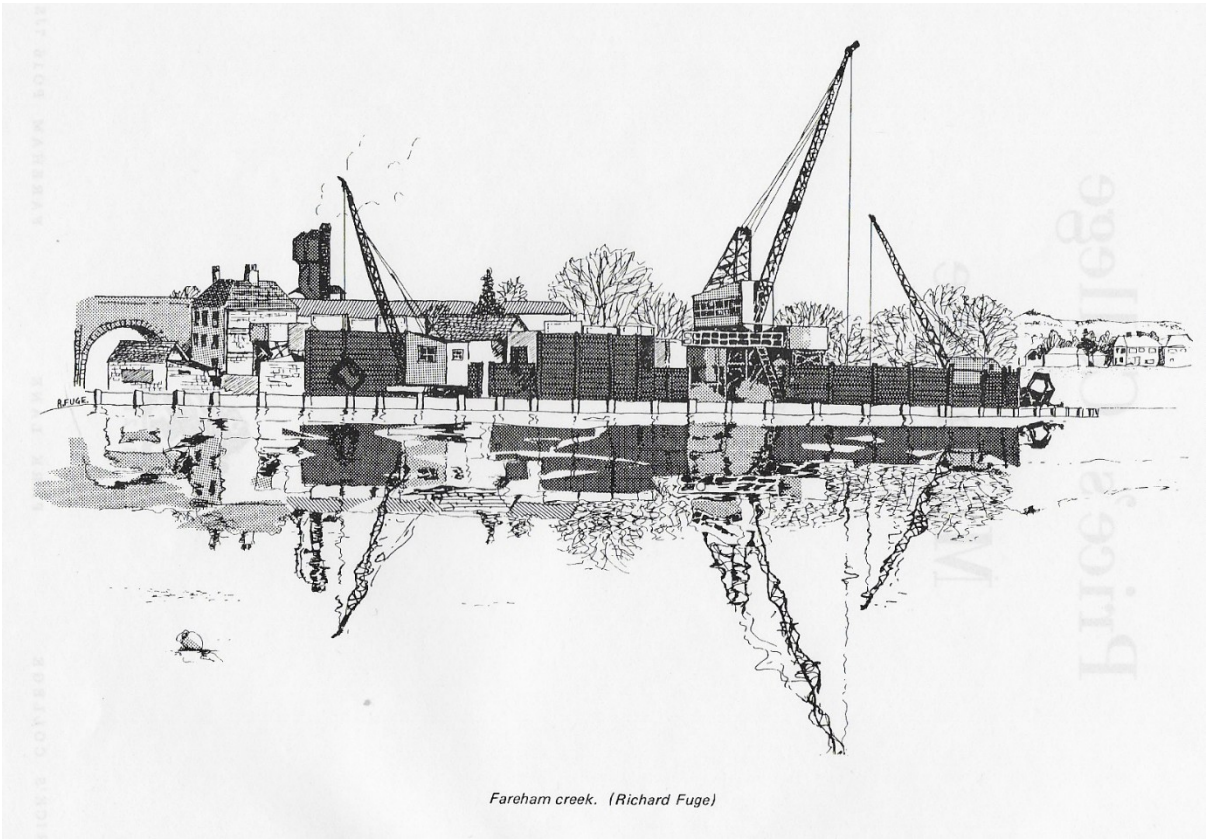
Fuge	Richard	Dates	

Unfortunately, Richard has declined to be involved, but these three drawings appeared in School Lion magazines.



1976





Fuller	Graham	Dates	1956 - 1961

Graham Fuller (1956-1961) died suddenly in January 2023 after a lifetime in Fareham area.



Here is an address given by Richard Bridgland at his funeral service on 10th February:

TO GRAHAM – from his friends of Price's School.

As we have heard, a man with many interests, but running through his life were memories from our school time at Price's. He joined in 1956, exchanging his canary yellow cap of Lysses for the dark blue and silver Lion of Price's.

New boys were allocated to one of 4 Houses in some arcane system, but not with a Hogwarts type ceremony. Graham joined Westbury.

Like the rest of us, he worked through the unique traditions of the Trust School. Our progress was noted in the 'Lion' magazine every term. Basic mentions were in SALVETE when we started, VALETE when we left, and EXAMINATIONS RESULTS as they occurred - then 'O' and 'A' levels, plus University acceptances – limited in those days.

Graham achieved further mentions – the Latin prize in the 'O' level year of 1959, and for appearances in House Teams for cricket, and especially hockey where he was Captain of the Juniors. These sporting activities involved extra attendances on the school's sloping games field, so we viewed with admiration but not envy! '

Mentioned, not by name, but by inclusion in the report of another Geography expedition with Mr Chaffey - in early March 1961. An ambitious week based at the Malham Tarn Field Centre. Dubbed by us – malHAM, Gateway to the north. Our dismay at the wintry weather in Yorkshire, was only tempered by the presence of another group – from Skipton Girls Grammar School. We remained in contact for some time.

Eventually reaching the pinnacle of VI Arts, We Form-mates bonded which has endured through our lives. While most of us have moved around, working & living, Graham kept in touch, here from Fareham. In a professional capacity, he acted twice in selling successive homes to my parents. My mother was heard to say – "what a nice man" – high praise from her.

In our retirement years, we have seen more of each other. Exchanging & supporting through medical afflictions, and other challenges which come with these years;. Particularly, the loss of Graham's wife, Jan, now nearly ten years ago.

On recent Remembrance Sunday, I was pleased to join with him & others in the Prices Old Boys Society reading -out the list of fallen of Fareham at the Trinity Church Memorial Service. Something, he had done for several years.

I had this note from another Old Pricean just 2 days ago.....

"He was one of those people who cropped up every 'now and then' through life, and who I was

always pleased to see when we encountered each other. Sad that he has gone".

Our last lunch meet, was on December 15th, & Graham, a raconteur, always entertaining, was bubbling with his recent activities – and plans for the year ahead..

Graham, enthusiastic, trusting, good-hearted.

After 66 years of friendship, his sudden passing, is ???????, leaving an empty seat at our table.

Graham - We miss you.

Graham Fuller and the Queen's Lying-in-State.

I thought that you'd be interested in the fact that I participated in the Lying-in-State walk to pay my respects to our exemplary late Queen Elizabeth II from the milling crowds of Southwark Park, Bermondsey right through to the utter silence of the Westminster Hall setting 2 weeks ago today commencing at 2 pm and exiting onto Parliament Square at 5.30 am the following morning, fortunately enjoying the warm daytime sunshine of the early miles, although a stiff breeze off the River could prove cutting along some of the more open stretches of the South Bank, so thankfully it remained dry throughout, unlike one previous 24 hrs.

Not that we were pre-warned of constant halts in our progress along the route, only being informed by the media of the queue's time-frame (eg. 3 or 5 hrs at the time of my managing to book a return Nat. Express coach from Fareham) supposedly to allow time for those ahead to de-congest and make quicker headway. For instance, having passed the HofP on the opposite bank, we were stopped on reaching Lambeth Bridge, our crossing point, for 45 mins while apparently the W. Hall's floor was being washed and dried at 3 am and, once over the Bridge, before entering the Victoria Tower Gdns (where many a political interview is filmed) another 20 min. halt to enable the coffin guard-of-honour was relieved to allow for rehearsal-time ahead of the State Funeral only 2 days later, a total nearing 3 hrs stationary.

Unfortunately, I had a heavy fall in the 5th and last 20-30 row 'Snake' (N/S parallel 'obstacles') but 4/5 stocky types rushed-in to put me back on my feet but after a decent breather, I couldn't locate my wallet in my suit jacket and despite, a search, a mature volunteer Boy Scout did take my details in the event of its being handed-in. This accident, due to a combination of oncoming tiredness/lack of fitness immediately preceded an armed-guard security search as per airports today, then all conversation suddenly ceased as we climbed the long, steep staircase before turning L. to witness the culmination of our journey, the quite overwhelming 3D-like panorama, familiar from our TV pictures but enhanced many times in the reality of the sheer colour and grandeur yet virtual stillness centred upon the tall central coffin mounting that we all had experienced to faithfully thank our loyal Monarch for her decades of dutiful service. Of course, we all had only brief seconds stationary to convey our thoughts but everyone almost without exception took a parting look back at the never-to-be-forgotten scene as they climbed back up to external ground level as natural daylight was beginning to flood the scene as the crowds resumed discussing their loaded impressions to last a lifetime.

I had been accompanied throughout by a Finnish PR girl. Alisa, successfully working in London for 3 yrs, I heard and I learned more abut her country and the long national border with Putin's Russia prompting swift entry into the protective NATO Alliance.

And of my wallet? Nothing, of course, but I blagged a bus journey across to Victoria and got them to duplicate my already-self-postponed late-night return coach to Fareham where arriving

lunchtime, I instructed my Bank to stop my cards - "Yes, Sir, replacements will be with you in 5-8 working days"

Well, Michael, those 8 days were up yesterday!

1961 Hockey 1st XI

